Wilmington Alpha

Commencement

1929

Class Motto: To be rather than to seem to be

Graduation Exercises

March Selected — Mrs. Gene Kimball

Invocation — Rev. Stead Thornton

Chorus A Hunting We Will Go / At Twilight — Glee Club

Selections *a* Our Students' March / *b* Sweet Melody Waltz — High School Orchestra

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PAGEANT: THE GATEWAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Prologue	Alfred Woodman
Spirit of Wilmington High School	Olive Surrette
Graduate	Muriel Gebhard
Health	Mary Carter
Understanding	John Cooke
Accuracy	Robert Hefler
Observation	Chester Hinxman
Appreciation	Celia Cominsky
Expression	Sylvia Neilson
Service	Watson Glover
Labor	Alfred Woodman
Agriculture	Helen Butters
Commerce	John Wilson
Medicine	Lowell Laffin
Law	Closson Blaisdell
Fine Arts	Muriel Marfleet
Character	Eloise Park
Hand Maiden to Character	Marie Lundborg

(Miss Hortense Wood at the organ)

Selections from Carmen — Orchestra

Selection Holy Art Thou — Glee Club

Selection Sundown — Sextette

Presentation of Diplomas and Medals

Washington and Franklin Medal for excellence in study of United States History — Watson Alexander Glover

Benediction — Rev. Arthur A. Simmons

March Selected — Mrs. Kimball

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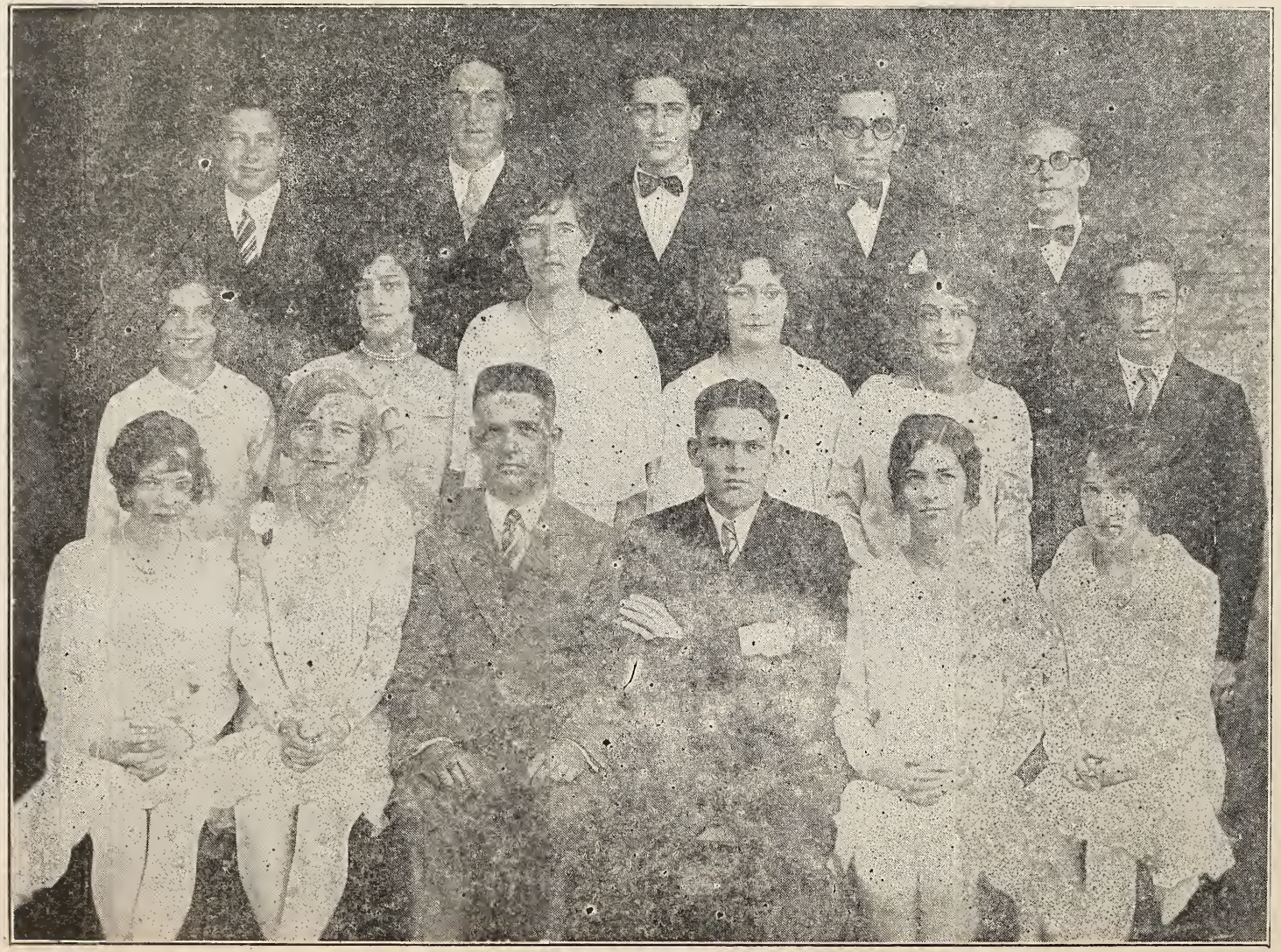
HONOR STUDENTS

MURIEL GEBHARD SYLVIA NEILSON ELOISE PARK



Eloise Park Sylvia Neilson Mr. Hood Watson Glover Muriel Gebhard Clive Surrette
Mary Carter Muriel Marfleet Marie Lundborg Helen Butters Celia Cominsky Chester Hinman
Closson Blaisdell Lowell Laffin John Cooke Alfred Woodman Robert Hefler

Class History

CHESTER HINXMAN

On the ninth of September, 1926, the good ship "Spirit of '29," the first educational air cruiser, started its first flight. This, the first and most wonderful of its kind, was to cruise around the world of Education, touching at the ports and spots best adapted to admittance to the young and tender minds of timid Freshmen.

We had spent eight years in preparation for this great flight—years in which much play was indiscreetly but joyfully mixed with little work on the part of the pupils, and much labor on the part of our dearly beloved teachers. But finally the work of preparation was finished and we were given a ten-week vacation in which to recuperate for the beginning of the first flight.

On that memorable ninth the Wilmington High School airport was all excitement. The take-off was at hand! At 8.15 the great motors roared and the Spirit of '29 was off! At first the flight was rather wobbly, and the first year it took all the brains and skill of the teachers to keep the craft awing. This year was confined to study, and that inevitable Freshman question "Shall I get by?" Some were frightened and quit. Others were not clever enough to make the grade, but the ship finally came safely to port.

Another period of ten weeks in which the plane was refueled, repaired and tested, the class of '29, aeronautical world tour, boarded the plane and took off. During this flight the pupils stopped at more ports, gathered more information and grew older. It was planned that we stop at Switzerland and go for a sleigh ride; but differences came up between the students and a battle royal took place. When we finally landed in Switzerland we found that the heat of our arguments had melted all the snow. and we couldn't go sleigh-riding after all! We managed to live and yes, even study, after this great disappointment, and we landed safely at the High School airport with only three or four students having succumbed to brain fever.

After the orthodox vacation, which we really didn't need and which some indeed did not want, we set off again — Juniors! Only one short year and we should be Seniors. Cocks of the walk! We were all blithe and happy for, though we knew that we would have to work, we also knew that we were so wise that we could use at least half of our time in play.

Immediately we set out on a round of pleasures. We gave a successful costume party in November; then we took a census of the town; and although it was not exactly play the knowledge that the class would receive real money for the work was a great pleasure. After that we put on a stunt for the Library Council "stunt night" which was very successful. The last party of the year was a Farewell party which we gave to the Seniors. We were glad to see them go because we knew that we would be taking their places the next year.

After we had recovered from the Farewell party we embarked on the last stage of our tour. Seniors! Kings of the school! The most dignified, the most wonderful, the brainiest people in the world! We must uphold our record, our reputation. We were now the upperclassmen. The first part of this, our last flight in the Spirit of '29, was spent in work. The first social affair took the shape of a Hallowe'en ball, at which everyone had a good time and the Seniors made some more money. The Christmas social was not such a success, but the class plunged into the work of the Senior play with unabated enthusiasm. The Senior play is usually a financial success, but this year it was doubly so. And why not? Look around you and you will see the people who helped to make it a success! Watson Glover and Eloise Park in the main lead, and Muriel Gebhard in the comedy lead. All the members of the class worked hard and long, and the play was a real success.

On Thursday, June 20, 1929, we landed at the Wilmington Educational airport, our work ended.

Now we are listening to the last pages of our history together. Tomorrow we go out—some to pursue the higher education, others to become immediately working factors in the great game of life. What will our history be 16 years from now? Where shall we be? What shall we be doing? Miss Sylvia Neilson will answer these questions for us.

Class Prophecy

SYLVIA D. NEILSON

It was on a bright, spring, sunny morning in 1945 that I returned to my old home town after 16 years' absence. Naturally I expected that Wilmington would be a roaring metropolis with all the noisy characteristics of a modern city. But I was sadly disappointed.

I was surprised to note, even in the center of the town, the lack of change since my departure. No new buildings had been constructed; no improvements had been made on the former; in fact, several of the structures which in my day had been the centers of active trade now stood empty and desolate, mere reflections of a better age.

There was a little sign of life in the square that morning. Idle clerks of the various business establishments stopped their drowsy daydreaming long enough to scrutinize me closely as I passed. Evidently a stranger was seldom seen in Wilmington. But among these sleepy idlers I recognized none of my classmates, although several of them bore strong resemblance to other members of the High School.

In front of the post office I met the one active person in the square. He was a short, fat man with a black moustache and beard. He was dressed in a policeman's uniform, and the lapel of his coat bore the badge "Chief of of Police." The chief was evidently obsessed with the idea of his importance. He paced methodically up and down, peering into each store as he passed and examining the same store just as thoroughly as he retraced his footsteps. As I approached he hastened toward me with as long, deliberate steps as his short stubby legs would allow him to take.

"Welcome to the town of Wilmington, stranger," he said in a deep important-sounding voice. "As chief of the Wilmington Police Department, as a member of the Wilmington Fire Department, as one of the Selectmen, as a member of the Wil—"

"Thank you, thank you," I broke in, "but I am no stranger here. This is my home town. I graduated from W. H. S. in 1929. I am here to look up my classmates."

The chief's face broke into a smile. "Class of '29! Don't you know me?"

I scrutinized him closely but his dark, bushy beard hid all characteristics that I could have recognized. He saw that I was puzzled.

"Why, I am Chet Hinxman. Don't you remember Chester Hinxman?"

"Why, Chet?" I extended my hand, "Well, do you know who I am?"

"Sure, you're Sylvia Neilson. I'd know you're nose anywhere."

I felt inclined to slap his face at this crude remark but resisted the temptation.

"Well, how is the old gang, anyway? I presume they are well on the way to fame and wealth?"

Chet coughed. "Well, er—; that is—; well, some are on their way but they haven't got so far. Suppose I show you around the town. I guess there won't be any disturbance around here while I'm gone."

Judging by the graveyard quiet of the place I thought likewise but was too polite to say so.

"First, we'll go to the garage that used to be called Bird Hill. One of our old friends is running that now."

I couldn't for the life of me guess who had become a garage man but Chester refused to enlighten me. "You'll see," was all he said.

"Is he doing much business?"

"Well, no, not with men. But women drivers like to have their cars repaired there."

I was surprised when I saw that garage. A beautiful garden surrounded it; spacious avenues, shady trees and beautiful flowers greeted the prospective customer. The building itself was covered with ivy. Surmounting the scene was a rose-tinted sign

GEBHARD & COMPANY
MOTOR SERVICE

I was so shocked a baby could have knocked me over. I thought of Muriel as she had been, a dainty tripping miss; I thought of her as a garage woman, probably clad in greasy overalls and covered with grime and grit. Truth is stranger than fiction.

We entered the establishment and I encountered another shock. Muriel was lounging on an upholstered divan, clad in a smock of

the finest material, leisurely ordering: "Mr. James, after you have tightened that nut a little more securely spray the car with arbutus perfume and have it delivered." Then she languidly turned to Chester and me. She recoognized me immediately, but she was tactful and didn't explain how.

"How can you make any money in this, and why did you take it up in the first place?" I asked after greetings had been exchanged.

"You remember," she explained, "at the close of school I didn't know what I wanted to do for a living. It was mere chance that I entered upon this line of work. My car broke down one day and, after spending an hour in the broiling sun, I expressed my feelings rather —er—freely. It was then that a passing autoist offered to assist me. He listened to my ejaculations and said 'You'd make a good garageman.' It struck my fancy, so I took a course in that business and here I am."

"Did they teach you these methods?" I inquired, referring to the perfume and languishing odors.

"No, but I had to be different, and I make money too. I charge high prices and all the aristocrats in town, especially those on High street, are only too glad to patronize me."

Just then another car came in and Muriel had to leave us. Chester and I now traveled down Church street. "Tell me," I said, "what some of our classmates are doing. Where is Watson Glover!" Chester didn't answer immediately but I noticed that he wiped a tear out of his eye.

"He isn't ill or dead, is he?" I exclaimed.

"No, no, not so bad as that. He's only in jail."

"In jail! Glover in jail! W hat for?'

"Yes, in jail; down in Woburn; sentenced last week to three months. He was arrested for not paying alimony to his second wife."

"Second wife! What became of the first one?"

"She committed suicide."

Considering everything I wasn't so very much surprised but politely pretended I was.

"And what about John Cooke?"

Chester grinned broadly. "John? He's made a fortune."

"Made his fortune! Heavens[What did he do; smash Wall street?"

"No, but he made quite a sensation in college as a football player and got on all the front pages of the newspapers. Then the manufacturers of Listerine offered him $1000 to say he was cured of dandruff by their product. Blondex manufacturers gave him $15000 to say that he used their shampoo, and some permanent wavers offered him a large sum to declare he had secured a permanent at their establishment."

I laughed. Unexpected results had certainly come from my classmates.

"Where is Alfred Woodman?"

"Here's Woodman, now," was the reply.

I saw, father down Church sireet, a slow moving, deliberate gentleman, dressed in dark, conservative clothes. He nodded a greeting to Chester as we passed, and absent-mindedly went on. Evidently his thoughts were far away.

"What's he doing for a living?" said I, gazing at the absent-minded pedestrian.

"He is a minister."

"Is he a good preacher?"

"They say he preaches very eloquently."

"They say! Don't you know?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I went only once and then I fell asleep."

At this time a huge, lumbering truck rumbled by us. Painted in large letters was this sign:

C. BLAISDELL & COMPANY
COAL, WOOD AND ICE

"So that's what Closson is doing," I remarked. "Who is the '& Company?'"

"Well, I don't know unless it is his wife. He married an out of town girl, you know—a movie actress."

"Does she help in in his business?"

"Yes, she takes care of his money for him."

"How thoughtful of her, but it is probably necessary or he'd lose it all playing poker."

On the outside of one of the dwelling houses part way down Church street I noticed the sign:

BEAUTY PARLOR. E. PARK, MANAGER

"Let's go in and see Eloise," I suggested.

Eloise was in her element. Mirrors were all around her. Powder, paint, beauty clay and massage creams were in great abundance. Evidently she felt quite at home. She was occupied in applying beauty clay to a middle-aged woman when we entered. The features of the victim were strongly familiar but I couldn't place her for the moment. In the course of time, however, the clay was removed and the re-beautified countenance of Olive Surrette appeared. Eloise, I could see, was expert in her art. But as I reflected how even in the olden days she could deftly apply aids to beauty, I saw that her career was the natural outcome of her habits and taste.

Eloise greeted me warmly at the close of her task, but Olive was so embarrassed at my finding her in this awkward position that she stalked away without looking at me.

Soon afterward my guide and I approached the common and the chief object of my visit, the High School. "You'll be surprised," said Chester to me, "how little the school has changed. Mr. Hood is still the principal and a good number of our classmates are members of the faculty."

"Then our teachers have better positions now?"

"No, they are married," blankly stated Chet.

Old Wilmington High School was just the same. The size of the building hadn't increased, neither had the number of pupils.

As we entered the building we were greeted by a dignified white-haired principal who little resembled the Mr. Hood of my recollection. His shoulders were stooped and his face was seared with lines of worry. Time had taken its toll. "Would you like to have me show you around the building?" kindly offered Mr. Hood.

I refused with thanks, for I wished to explore without being unduly noticed. Chester grasped the opportunity and left.

It was Thursday, and the irregular periods still held their sway. Supervized studies, Alpha periods, Glee club, drawing were still the dragons of school life. Pupils figeted and teachers chafed under the rule of tiring Thursdays.

Many familiar faces greeted me in Wilmington High School. There was the drawing teacher, a tall, thin individual with a long nose —Marie Lundborg, popular among the pupils for her lack of discipline. Rumor has it that Marie had remained a spinster on account of a disappointed love affair.

There was Muriel Marfleet, head of the commercial department, still dazing everyone by her exploits on the typewriter. Muriel was a widow and had resumed her maiden name. Her husband has suffered fatal injuries in a Harvard Frosh rush.

There was Celia Cominsky, instructor in music and director of the High School orchestra. Glee club still retained its old time favor and flavor.

Down stairs in the kitchen, supplying lunches to the school children, were Helen Butters and Mary Carter, grown fat with excessive eating but still popular in spite of their cooking. They offered me some celery soup but I wasn't hungry enough to venture the risk. I did feel safe though in purchasing a standard make of candy. It was while I was complacently gnawing on this molasses bar that we heard a timid knock at the door. After some hesitancy in walked the two most disreputable, slovenly, shagged, ragged, haggard beggars that I had ever seen. Each asked whiningly for a hot dog. I was more than upset to recognize in this terrible plight, two of my former classmates, John Wilson and Robert Hefler. Upon interview they refused to explain the cause of their condition but by process of deduction I judged it to be wine, women and song.

As we left the kitchen and went upstairs whom should I spy, dressed in the regalia of a janitor sweeping the corridors, but Lowell Laffin. He was such a friendly old soul that I conversed with him quite some time.

"Why hasn't Wilmington increased in size?" was one of the first questions I asked him.

"Well, you see," drawled Laffin, biting his fingers between each word, "young folks don't like to attend this High School, so old people won't move here."

I was indignant. "Why not? What's the matter with this High School?" I exclaimed. "There isn't a better one in this Union."

"Well, it isn't that, but they don't like the ban on whistling that Mr. Hood has established."

I understood and sympathized. But what could be done? Just then Mr. Hood walked slowly down the corridor I could not help noticing how weary and old he appeared, poor dear! He seemed on the verge of a mental collapse. Something was surely worrying him to the point of insanity.

"What ails him, Lowell?" I inquired as the ghostlike creature passed by.

"It's the A. A. debt that's worrying him."

"O, is that all! How much is the debt?"

"Ninety-nine cents and nine-tenths of a mill." I was informed.

"I'll strike a bargain with him; Mr. Hood!"

"Yes, Madam," meekly answered my former mathematics instructor.

Mr. Hood shivered with the intensity of his hope. "Yes, yes," he murmured eagerly.

"I'll make out a check for the required amount if you will repeal this ban on whistling."

"The puritanical conscience of the principal objected to the selling of his will for any price. Finally, after wiping the tears out of his eyes and blowing his nose vigorously several times, he yielded. "It's the only alternative I have;" he said sadly.

I wrote out the check.

"But where did you get the money?" he suddenly asked, for privately he had always doubted my ability to hold on to a nickel.

"O," I nonchalantly replied, "I put Sousa out of business with my harmonica."

The Gateway

SYLVIA NEILSON

We're gathered at the gateway;
We linger here awhile;
Before us bright hope beckons,
Behind, fond mem'ries smile.

Dear Alma Mater leads us
As far as life's threshold,
And there she fondly bids us:
"'Tis life! Go forth! Behold!"

For four long years she's led us
Along our winding way,
Until we gain the portal
Of our Commencement Day.

No longer, Alma Mater,
Have we thy guiding hand.
We are about to travel
A strange and unknown land.

But though we may be scattered
Our hearts as one shall be.
We love thee, Alma Mater,
Farewell, farewell, to thee!

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1929

WATSON A. GLOVER

We, the Class of 1929 of the Wilmirgton High School, feeling our approaching death, do now take up our pen to apportion our worldly goods. We bequeath without reservation the following articles:

To the Juniors, our desks in room 101, including all engravings, caricatures and hieroglyphics inscribed thereon.

To the Sophomores, one can of ointment which is highly recommended for swelled heads.

To the Freshmen we leave the sum of five cents (unrestricted) to start them on the road to financial independence.

Now to the various members of the Senior Class:

To Closson Blaisdsll, who hopes to sell ice in Wilmington, one special ledger which he will certainly need for bad debts.

To Helen Butters, who can never be induced to speak audibly in class, this piece of sheet music, the words of which she is to sing every day to develop her vocal cords.

To Mary Carter we bequeath this pair of stilts to enable her to see over her prospective employer' desk when she applies for a job.

To Celia Cominsky. who finds it hard to keep a straight face, one brass tack to place in her shoe to give her something to worry about.

To John Cooke, a born business man who could go out with a jackknife and come back with an automobile, one copy of tbe Bible to help him remember the Golden Rule when he reaches that state of ecstacy which becomes a millionaire.

To Muriel Gebhard, who has an incurable habit of primping, we bequeath this bottle of glue to be applied generously to the back of her pretty head to keep her hair in place so that she can be nonchalant in the presence of her employer.

To Robert Hefler, champion bowler of the Senior Class, this second-hand pin with the compliments of the Wilmington Bowling alleys.

To Chester Hinxman, who hopes some day to fly the air mail (between Wilmington and Reading) we leave this resemblance of Lindberg to paste upon the dash of his cockpit. He is to gaze upon said resemblance to keep his courage, loyalty, dauntless spirit, or what have you, when he is overtaken by a brainstorm while flying over Wilmington High School.

To Marie Lundborg, one can of paint to start her on her career as an artist in the advertising department of General Motors.

To Muriel Marfleet, hy-speed typist, one can of 3-in-1 oil, the best insurance in the world against sticky keys and overheated bearings.

To Sylvia Neilson, who hopes to become the first woman president of the United States, a letter of introduction to Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who will probably start her as a prohibition agent.

To Lowell Laffin we bequeath this club with which we hope he will have better luck collecting his future bills than he had while president of the Athletic Association.

To Eloise Park, who wants to be a nurse, one tube of smelling salts which she may find helpful when she is attending a case of love sinkness.

To Olive Surrette, who some day hopes to be a big help to her boss, we bequeath this note book to record her offers of positions, which we are sure will be many.

To John Wilson, who also hopes to become an aviator, we bequeath this model airplane so that he may understand why an airplane flies.

To Alfred Woodman, authority on parts of speech and flat tires, we leave one copy of Woolly for reference.

Now, our worldly goods being duly divided, we set our hand and seal to this last Will and Testament, the twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

Senior Activities

Blaisdell, Closson Kent
Year 4 Baseball; manager of team
4 Assistant manager of Alpha.

Marfleet, Muriel Louisa
2, 3, 4 Girls' basketball team.
3, 4 Member of Library Council
2 South Reporter for Alpha.

Carter, Mary Eleanor
2, 3 East reporter for Alpha.
3, 4 Member of Library Council

Neilson, Sylvia Dorothy
2, 3 President of Class.
2, 3, 4 Basketball.
2, 3, 4 Silver Lake reporter, Assistant Editor and Editor of Alpha.
2, 3, 4 Member Library Council.
4 Vice President Library Council
4 Vice President of Class.
4 Treasurer of A. A.
4 Manager Girls' basketball team
4 Class Prophet.

Lundborg, Marie
2, 3, 4 Girls' basketball.

Hinxman, Chester Eugene
1, 2, 4 Member of Orchestra.
4 Football; track.
4 Sports Editor of Alpha.
4 Member of Library Council.
4 Vice President Science Club.
4 Class Historian.

Wilson, John Milner
4 Football.
4 Circulation manager of Alpha.

Butters, Helen Natalie
1 Club reporter for Alpha.
1 Vice President of Class.

Cooke, John Denbow
1, 2, 3, 4 Orchestra member.
3, 4 Football.

Gebhard, Muriel Anne
2, 3, 4 North reporter; Club reporter; Editor of Alpha.
2, 3, 4 Secretary of Class.
2, 3, 4 Member Library Council.
2 Secretary of Library Council.
4 President of Library Council.
4 Secretary of A. A.

Glover, Watson Alexander
2, 3, 4 Football.
3, 4 Track.
3, 4 Exchange Editor and Special reporter for Alpha.
4 Captain of football team.
4 Member of Library Council.
4 President of Class.
4 President of Science Club.
4 Class Will.

Surrette, Olive Mary
1 Center reporter for Alpha.

Park, Eloise Alfreda
3, 4 Club reporter and Special reporter for Alpha.
4 Treasurer of Class.
4 Member of Library Council.

Cominsky, Celia
1, 2, 3, 4 Member of Orchestra.
4 Library Council.

Hefler, Robert Cecil
2, 4 Football.
3, 4 Basketball.
3 Vice President of Class,
4 Manager of basketball team.

Laffin, Lowell Ellis
3, 4 Assistant Manager and Manager of Alpha.
3, 4 Member of Library Council
4 President of A. A.
4 Manager football team; track.

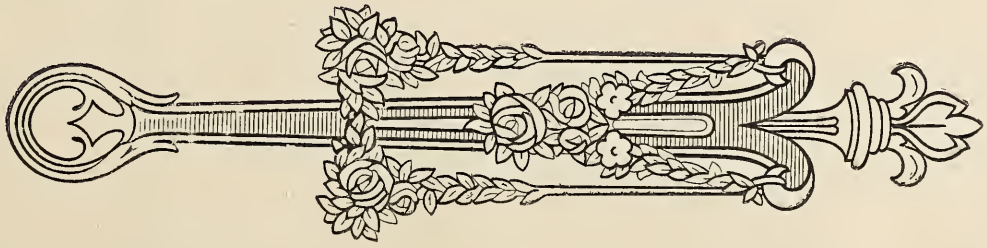
Woodman, Alfred Henry
4 Football.

Those Advertising Slogans

For Economical Transportation	Sam Frolio's bike
Hasn't Scratched Yet	Mr. Hood
Give Me the Facts	Miss Marland
The Skin You Love to Touch	Miss Wood
Chases Dirt	Mr. Perry
Picture Ahead	Miss Marcus
A Little Goes a Long Way	Miss Gulliver
How I Learned to be a Musician in 23 lessons	Mrs. Kimball
How I lost 53 pounds	Miss Hubbard
The Eternal Woman	Mrs. Alexander
Be Sure It's Wrigley's	Miss Swain
Better than Mustard Plaster	The Faculty
Quality, not Quantity	Miss Hindenlang
Put It Together with Screws	The Sophomores
Mild as May	Eighth Graders
Delicious and Refreshing	Algebra Exam
Not a Brain in a Carload	Junior Class
What a Difference a Few Cents Make	A. A.
Beautiful Members of the Younger Set	Freshmen

What their Names Mean

O. M. Surrette	Oh, My Soul!
H. N. Butters	Huh! No Boys?
C. Cominsky	Close Call
M. L. Lundborg	My Little Lady
S. D. Neilson	So Darn Nutty
E. A. Park	Ever At Primping
R. C. Hefler	Ripping Crashing Hero
J. M. Wilson	Just My Weakness
C. K. Blaisdell	Can't Keep Busy
J. D. Cooke	Just Don't Care
W. A. Glover	Win All Girls
L. E. Laffin	Let Everyone Love
A. H. Woodman	A Holy Wonder
C. E. Hinxman	Can Endure Hugs
M. A. Gebhard	Men Are Grand
M. E. Carter	
M. L. Marfleet	My Little Man



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Class Committees

The committees in charge of the various functions connected with graduation are:

Invitation committee. Muriel Gebhard, chairman; Marie Lundborg, Olive Surrette.

Committee in charge of Commencement number of the Alpha. Sylvia Neilson, chairman; Marie Lundborg, Chester Hinxman.

Committee to choose class motto and flower, Eloise Park, chairman; Celia Cominsky, Alfred Woodman.

Committee in charge of banquet. Alfred Woodman, chairman; Muriel Marfleet, John Cooke and Eloise Park.

Committee to confer with the faculty to choose a suitable class gift. Sylvia Neilson, chairman; Olive Surrette and Chester Hinxman.

Reception committee. Olive Surrette, chairman; Celia Cominsky, Eloise Park, Chester Hinxman, John Cooke.

Pageant committee. Eloise Park, chairman; Muriel Gebhard, Celia Cominsky, Mary Carter, Chester Hinxman, John Cooke.

Horace Partridge Co.

Athletic Goods for Sport

49 Franklin St., Washington Street
BOSTON

Discount prices to Wilmington
High School Students

Ask Mr. Hood for Discount Cards

Reading Co=operative Bank

BRANCH OFFICE Bank Building, Wilmington

New Shares paying 5¾ per cent on sale during April and May

Let us explain to you this splendid form of investment

BANKING HOURS

Daily	9.00 to 12.00 a. m.	1.00 to 3.00 p. m.
Saturday	9.00 to 12.00 a. m.	7.00 to 9.00 p. m.

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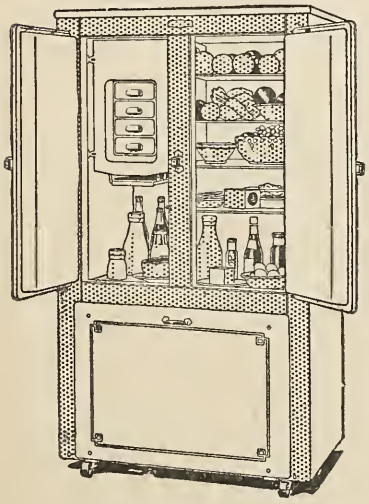
100 per cent. FUEL

Service and Quality

WILMINGTON COAL AND ICE CO. Main Street

Tel. 154



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